

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JULY 23, 1850.

NUMBER 58.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY
THO. J. WARREN & C. A. PRICE,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Three Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers shall be entitled to the sixth copy (of the edition subscribed for) gratis for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

Liberal discounts allowed to those who advertise for three, six, or twelve months.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal:
Col. T. W. HOVEY, Jacksonville, Lancaster Dist.
S. H. ROSS, Esq., Lancasterville, S. C.
C. C. McCORMACK, Carthage, N. C.
W. C. MONROE, Esq., Camden, S. C.
And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

Poetical Department.

From the Columbia Telegraph.

THE DYING GIRL.

Too late you send the tardy token,
My doom is sealed, my heart is broken,
My funeral knell
Sounds louder than the lover's word,
Which once my inward soul has stirred:
Farewell, farewell.

I loved thee: and how much how well,
Oh, let a life's devotion tell!
And in return you gave
Love which in absence could not live,
On others lavished—and you give
To me an early grave.

Oh waste now repentant word,
Too long, too long was hope deferred,
And I am dying now;
My feeble hand can scarcely place
The pen aright, these lines to trace,
Or wipe my clammy brow.

I leave thee this sad legacy—
With sleepless memories of me
Thou shalt be cursed!
In the dark caverns of thy soul
Shall thoughts arise beyond control—
Remorse be nursed!

I leave thee, too, a golden tress;
I know 't will not be valueless
When I'm no more,
I send thee, too, the ring and chain;
Thy pictured face I will retain,
Till all is o'er.

Thy transient faithfulness to me,
Oh, through the veil of time I see,
Thyself will not forgive;
The memory of thy buried love
No time, no change will e'er remove,
Whilst thou dost live.

You ask forgiveness! it is thine:
For in this dying heart of mine,
But love can dwell;
My last last thought shall be of thee—
Thy face the last mine eye shall see—
Farewell! farewell!

Columbia, June, 1850. M. W. S.

THE SABBATH.

A Sabbath well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
What e'er may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PRAYERLESS HOME.

PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I have a good offer for my farm," said Mr. Earl to his wife, "and I think I shall sell."
"Why do you wish to sell it?" said Mrs. Earl.
"The land is stony and partly worn out. I can go into a new country where land is cheap and fertile, and realize a much larger return for the same amount of labor."
"If we go into a new country, there will be no school for our children."
"Our children are not old enough to go to school; by the time they are old enough, it is more than likely schools may be established wherever we may go."
"We may also be deprived of the privilege of attending meetings."
"We can take our Bibles with us, and read them on the Sabbath; if we should happen to settle at a distance from a place of meeting."
"It will be better for us to remain here, where we can educate our children and bring them up under the sound of the gospel."
"I must do what I think is required for the interest of my family."
"Pray remember that property is not the only thing needed by our children."
A few days after this conversation, the bargain was concluded, and the farm became the property of Hale. Mr. Earl was to put him in possession of it early in the Spring.
Mr. Earl was descended from one of the ear-

ly puritan settlers of Massachusetts. His ancestors, for many generations, had been devout members of the Church of Christ. He was the first alien from the commonwealth of Israel. His mother was an amiable, but not a pious woman—and some thought it was owing to her that he had not profited by the instructions of his pious father, and had turned a deaf ear to the gospel which he had heard from his infancy. He loved the world, and in order to secure a larger portion of its goods, he was willing to leave the home of his childhood, and the graves of his fathers, and take up his abode on the borders of civilization.

His wife was one who preferred Jerusalem to her chief joy. The old time worn out meeting house, with its high square pews, and huge sounding-board, was as beautiful to her as the most faultless specimen of architecture to the connoisseur. She desired that her children might grow up under the influence of the truths which were proclaimed in that house.— Her chief desire with respect to them, was that they might become rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. In the spring she was constrained to bid farewell to her native village. After a wearisome journey, she found herself and family in what was then a wilderness, in western New York. The gospel was not preached in the vicinity, nor was there even the log school-house erected. For a time, Mr. E. observed the Sabbath so far as resting from labor was concerned. He even spent some time in reading the Bible, but he did not pray. In consequence, that blessed book was gradually laid aside.

The climate, and perhaps the labors incident to a life in a wilderness, caused Mrs. E. to fall into a decline. When, after a lingering illness, she bade her husband farewell, she charged him to send her children to her native home, that they might there be taught, in the school-house and the church truths which could make them wise unto salvation. Mr. Earl complied, in part with his wife's request. He sent his daughter Julia, who was nine years of age, and her younger brother. The older one he detained to assist him in his labors.

It was six years before Julia returned to her father. She had spent that time among the pious friends of her departed mother. She found the home of her childhood greatly changed. A neat little village surrounded the tasteful dwelling now occupied by her father. The spire of the village church rose aloft, and the school-house was not far distant. She rejoiced to return to her home, though she was to meet its chief charm no more. A check was soon given to her joy. When she sat down to the evening meal the blessing of God was not invoked. It was with great difficulty that she could eat. When the hour of retiring came, she was still more unhappy, as the family separated without prayer.

Mr. E. soon perceived that his daughter did not feel at home in this house. It made him sad at heart, for he had long looked forward to her return, with hope that she would restore in part, the loss he had experienced. He said to her one day—

"Julia, you do not seem to feel as much at home as I would wish."

After some hesitation, she replied, "I do not feel safe here."
"Do not feel safe!" said he in astonishment.
"I am afraid to live under a roof where there is no prayer."

The remark went to the father's heart. He thought of all the mercies he had received, the protection he had experienced, unmarked! He continued to think of his ways, till his soul fainted within him. He looked at his oldest son, a Sabbath breaker, and ignorant of God, and could not conceal the truth, that it was owing to the act of removing him in childhood from the means of grace, and exposing him to influences that in all probability would prove his ruin.

In a few days he asked Julia to read the Scripture and pray in the family. It was with joy that she heard the request but with great difficulty that she complied with it. It was not till she was reminded of the joy it would give to her mother, could she be a witness of it, that she consented to make the attempt. In a few weeks on a Sabbath morning, the father himself took the Bible, and having read a portion, kneeled down, and with tears besought God to teach his stammering lips how to pray. Light, peace, and safety took up their abode in a dwelling now no longer prayerless.

AN UPSET TO AN ENTERPRISING WIDOW WITH A PRETTY WATER—ATTENTIONS MISUNDERSTOOD.—New Orleans Crescent relates a good story of a widow, in that city, who had fixed her heart upon a thriving merchant, who kept a family grocery store on the corner. She thus commenced her martial manoeuvres:

She manoeuvred to have him attend her daughter to all balls and soirees of the season to which she had access, and managed to take him to the theatre in their party on several occasions; at church on Sunday, our friend was found occupying a place in her pew as regularly as one of the family. And more than this—she opened an account at his store, and two or three times daily, in fine weather, Miss E. was despatched to purchase some indispensable nothing, that nobody could select but herself! But all this must have an end, and an unfortunate one it was, too.

Her plans worked admirably, for about three months. Tom's attention had been generally remarked, and the gossips of his acquaintance had long settled it among themselves that he was he was 'in for it,' and the good mother daily expected and was constantly on the qui vive for a proposal. This was the posture of affairs when Tom called one morning about 11. He was shown into the parlor, and was soon joined by the young lady. After a few moments of small talk he requested her to be so good as to

send her mother to him, as he wished to have a few minutes' conversation with her on business. We acknowledge that there was a slight trembling of the hands visible as Mrs. E. smoothed her hair to obey the summons. She had been successful! Yes! notwithstanding the sarcasms of the widow M., and the inuendoes of the whole street, she had triumphed! These, and other thoughts of like pleasing complexion, caused her cheeks to assume an unusual glow; and there was considerable elation in her step as she entered the room, and affectionately greeted her future son-in-law.

We have intimated that Tom is honest and straight-forward; and so without the least circumlocution, or embarrassment, he approached the delicate matter.

"As I intend," opened our friend, "leaving for the North the latter part of this week, I thought I had better have a word with you, Mrs. E., and come to an understanding about matters."

"You are perfectly right," replied the lady; it is always best to settle such things as soon as possible. But have you spoken to my daughter?"

"Really, madam," answered Tom, "I have not. True, Miss E. is principally concerned in the matter—but then she is so very young, that I thought it would rest wholly with you."

"Far from it," exclaimed the cunning mother. "The matter is left entirely to her, and whatever she says, I will agree to!"

"In that case," said Tom, rising and putting his hand to his pocket, I have only to leave the bill—"

"Bill!—Bill! Sir?" screamed the widow.

"Yes, Ma'am; just \$50.00—for articles purchased by Miss E. But why are you surprised?"

"Because, Sir—because I thought you—I thought—it—had—been paid, Sir," making an effort but choking with rage. And rising, she made a dignified inclination, after telling him she would send a servant with the money in the evening, and swept out of the room.

"I wonder," soliloquized Tom, on his return from New York, "what can be the matter with the L's! Miss E. was as cold as an icicle when I called on her the other evening, and to-day the old lady gave me the cut direct. Somebody must have been telling lies on me while I was gone. I am glad, though, she paid her bill," and he resumed his pen, and scratched away at his books.

THE LADIES OF MILAN.—A correspondent of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, in giving a description of the city of Milan, says:

The ladies of Milan dress themselves with much propriety. Their chief aim appears to be to emulate each other in simplicity. The gay colors so common in Southern Italy are seldom worn by them. They are accustomed to brush their hair completely from the forehead and temples. This practice causes them to appear as neat as Quakeresses. Capes of lace are worn fitted neatly to the bust, with a narrow neck collar, hid by a plain pink or azure colored ribbon. During the revolution it was the tri-color. The hats are of the cottage form, rather small and cut in a very modest style.

The favorite flowers among the ladies are the camelia and the dahlia. Their hats have generally upon the left side a large full blown camelia or dahlia, without any other accessory. The bouquets for ladies are principally formed of these flowers, and the garland and floral offerings cast upon the stage to popular actresses, are of the same composition.

Speaking about hair, it may not be amiss to say that the ladies of Sorrento, the birth place of Tasso, braid their tresses and then arrange them in the form of a wreath, such as artists are wont to place upon the brow of their favorite bard.

In Italy, towards the going down of the sun the ladies are accustomed to repair to the balconies of their habitations and to occupy them until the evening shades have appeared. At that pensive hour the balconies are as frames, enclosing pictures more beautiful than any in the noblest galleries in the Italian capitals.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.—We have often been shocked at the reckless disregard which many persons manifest for fulfillment of their promises. They are ever ready to make engagements for the future, but when the time arrives for their fulfillment, they seem to have forgotten them entirely, or at least to treat them as though they involved no obligation whatever. Such conduct is highly injurious in its influence on society, inasmuch as it necessarily tends to destroy that confidence of man in man, which is so essential to the happiness of the community.

It is especially detrimental to the interest of the individual himself who is guilty of it, as he thereby forfeits the confidence and respect of his fellows. His word accordingly is not relied upon, and he is obliged to suffer all the unhappy consequences. This singular and injurious habit is one of the most inexcusable of which any one can be guilty. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there is no absolute necessity whatever, for any one to break his word. No one should ever make a promise unless he looks well into the circumstances beforehand, and has every reason to believe that it will be in his power to fulfill his promise. And whenever a promise has once been made, it should be his fixed determination to keep it; and with a particular reference to this, his subsequent conduct should be shaped. Were this course to be faithfully pursued, not only would the serious evils resulting from a disregard to one's word be avoided, but also the confidence of those around speedily gained and enjoyed, and a character thereby eventually established that will be of more value than "ermine, gold or princely diadems."

WHAT IS BIOLOGY?—There is nothing so much distinguishes the present age, as the won-

derful and inextricable theories we have of the principle of life. The men of the old time thought they understood it, sufficiently so to take some care of it—knew what would destroy it, and what would preserve it. They knew something of heads and hearts, and were simple enough to believe that there was a 'will,' which had something to do with the action of the body and mind. But these are old notions, and will not answer for this reforming age. It is now found out that the head is a galvanic battery, and the nerves the wires—just like the electric telegraph. The theory is called Electro-Biology, and it will be remembered that one of the witnesses at the trial of Dr. Webster, was a lecturer on it. But Mr. Alfred Sæe, of the Royal Society of England, has published a book on the subject, which explains the whole affair. H regards the brain as a great galvanic battery, and the nerves as galvanic conductors, and illustrates, by a large variety of the most interesting experiments, how muscular action is produced, and how sensation is transmitted from one part of the body to another.

SUDDEN DEATH.—It is with pain we announce the death of one of our most esteemed citizens, Maj. Alexander M. Melver, who died in this place on Wednesday evening. Mr. Melver had been in delicate health for some time, but previous to his death, nothing had occurred to particularly excite the fear of his friends. In fact, for some days before the sad event occurred, they, with himself, had been buoyed up with the hope (how delusive!) that many long years of health were before him. On the day of his death, as usual, he was at his office, where he participated in lively conversation with some friends up to the moment of his dissolution. By this painful dispensation of an All Wise Providence, our town has lost one of its most able and efficient Officers, the Baptist Church one of its most zealous and exemplary members, and his family one of the most devoted and beloved of husbands and fathers. With the latter, in their irreparable and sad bereavement, our whole community deeply sympathizes.

Mr. Melver was Solicitor of the Eastern Circuit, to which office he was elected for the third term by the last Legislature.

Cheraw Gazette, 16th inst.

CURIOS FACTS.—It is a singular fact, remarks the Philadelphia Bulletin, that within a space of a little over nine years there have been six Presidents of the United States: Van Buren, March 3d, 1841; Harrison, from March 4th to April 4th, 1841; Tyler, from April 4th, 1841, to March 4th, 1845; Polk, from March 4th, 1845, to March 4th, 1849; Taylor, from March 4th, 1849, to July 9th, 1850, and on the 10th of July, 1850, Millard Fillmore succeeded to the office. Previous to that time, there had been eight occupants of the office during a period of fifty-two years. The periods of service, age, &c., of the various Presidents, from Washington to Taylor, inclusive, are given below:

	Service.	Retired.	Died.	Age at Retirement.	Age at Death.
Washington	8 years	1797	1799	66	68
John Adams	4 "	1801	1816	66	90
Jefferson	8 "	1809	1816	66	84
Madison	8 "	1817	1836	66	86
Monroe	8 "	1825	1831	66	72
J. Q. Adams	4 "	1829	1848	62	81
Jackson	8 "	1837	1845	70	78
Van Buren	4 "	1841		59	
Harrison	1 mo.		1841		69
Tyler	3 y. 11 m.	1845		55	
Polk	4 years	1849	1849	54	54
Taylor	1 y. 4 m.		1850		66

James K. Polk was the youngest of the Presidents at the time of his inauguration, being but 49 years and 4 months old. Mr. Fillmore is the next youngest, being at the present time fifty years old. Jackson was the oldest of the Presidents at the time of his retirement, and John Adams was the oldest at the time of his death. The youngest of the Presidents at the time of his retirement and his death was James K. Polk.

THE DEAD.—Who can estimate the number of the dead since the creation of man. The mighty army would exceed all human belief. Large as the surface of the earth is, enough persons have died since the world began to cover it entirely with their graves.

Extract of a Sermon.—The reader is expected to take this assertion as he does what is pronounced good sound orthodox doctrine, without questioning or examination, but submitted to a mathematical test its absurdity is monstrous. The surface of the earth, supposing its diameter to be 7,921 miles, which is very nearly correct, contains 197,111,024 square miles, or 9,851,139,927,921,600 square feet. Allowing, then, every grave to be the usual size, six feet by two, and this surface is capable of burying side by side 820,928,327,320,800 individuals. There is no data by which the population of the world since the commencement of creation can be estimated, but admitting that it was always what it now is, which is more than can be claimed, and that each person averaged a life of thirty years, then there would have been a population of 180,000,000,000, a number infinitely less than the surface of the earth is capable of accommodating with space. The State of Pennsylvania contains 47,000 square miles, or 1,308,106,800,000 square feet. Two States the size of Pennsylvania would be sufficient for the graves of 218,017,800,000 persons, or 38,017,800,000 more than all the population of the world which has existed, so that no person in the present generation need be in a hurry to secure his lot for fear that he would have to lie double.—Phila. Ledger.

On board the Potomac steamer Mount Vernon there is, or there was, a large guilt spread eagle. On the passage of the boat from Acqua Creek to Washington, on the 4th of July, and

when she was immediately off Mount Vernon, the wings of the eagle dropped off! All the officers and hands of the boat were examined as to the cause of this singular incident, but no one could account for it.

☞ We give the following as the Regular Toasts on the 4th of July, at one of the most respectable meetings in the South. They are indices to the general feeling, and samples of many more:—

1. The Day we Celebrate: May its next dawn be upon a Constitution restored to its original purity; each and every State in this Confederacy in the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges; Fanaticism driven from the land; and our fathers' glorious Union again present the spectacle of thirty sovereigns, united upon equal terms in feelings, interest, honor, and power, and so effectually broadcasting the elements of Republican Liberty that every crown may fall like Lucifer, never to rise again.

Air—"Hail Columbia!"

2. The Memory of George Washington and the heroes of '76.

Drank standing and in silence.

[Air—"The Dirge," and "Hail to the Chief."]

3. The Governor of the State—Vigilance personified. [Air—"Palmetto Quickstep."]

4. The President: Gen. Taylor.—A Southern man with Northern principles; let us remind him we are not Mexicans.

[Air—"The devil among the Tailors."]

5. The Union as it was—A glorious Confederacy, victorious in war, prosperous in peace; the home of the exile; the haven of universal liberty.

[Air—"The Star Spangled Banner."]

6. The Union as it is—With a broken and shattered Constitution, under the foot of fanaticism, relapsing into a colonial tyranny, too intolerable for freemen, and sufferable by cowards only.

[Air—"The Rogue's March."]

7. The North would act the part of Cain to his brother Abel.

8. Fanaticism—A serpent in our Political Eden.

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parent's tears,
Though for the noise of drums and tymbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard that pass through fire
To their grim idol."

[Air—"The Alarm."]

The Compromise—It proposes to lock up the disguised wolf in the sheep-fold, and to smoke around the pipe of peace; but we see the tail, and for such compromise the smoke of our muskets is best.

[Air—"The Long Roll," and
"Jenny got you—how come you?"]

10. The immortal thirteen political jugglers in Congress—Backslid to their old tricks, stocking the cards on us. To shuffle for the King of Diamonds, but this time Hearts are trumps.

[Air—"Croppies lie down."]

11. The Clay Foundation—Too rotten to support a single Foote.

[Air—"How firm a foundation."]

12. Daniel Webster—In the Ashburton treaty like Daniel the prophet, he was cast into the lion's den—like him he came off conqueror; so may he do in the den of fanaticism.

[Air—"Bunker Hill March."]

13. The South—True to the Bible, true to the Constitution, true to herself, true to posterity, and true in her aim, she bids defiance to Northern fanaticism and Southern traitors.

Air—"Calhoun's March."

14. South Carolina says to the South, should your caution compel me to advance—follow! If I fault I slay me, but if I fall avenge me.

[Air—"To your colors."]

15. The memory of John C. Calhoun—Drank in silence and standing.

[Air—"The Dirge" and "Moses in Egypt."]

16. The memory of Franklin H. Elmore—Drank in silence and standing.

Air—"The Dirge" and "Auld Lang Syne."

17. The Southern Convention—Would that it was "ultra of the Wigfall genus."

Air—"To Arms, to Arms."

18. Hon R. B. Rhett—The Patrick Henry of the day: We applaud his course and will follow him to the death. Oh! that we were all such "Traitors."

[Three cheers, Air—"Marseilles Hymn."]

19. The Texas Bondholders—May they be tree'd by the Southern Convention.

[Air—"Possum up a gum stamp,
Raceoon in the hollow."]

20. The Ladies—Our arms their protection; theirs our reward.

[Air—"If a body meet a body comin' thro' the Rye,
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry."
"Sally is the gal for me."]

What is contentment? The philosophy of life; and the principal ingredient in the cup of happiness—a commodity that is under-valued in consequence of the very low price it can be obtained at.

What is happiness? A butterfly, that roves from flower to flower in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude, in the vain hope of obtaining the prize; yet it continually eludes their grasp.

What is fame? A fierce and unconquerable steed, that bears its rider onward in the high road to perdition; but it often throws him with such a fall that he rarely ever recovers.

What is fear? A frightful, a dangerous substance to the really guilty; but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientious honest and upright.

What is justice? A pair of scales in which the action of mankind is often weighed; the true weights being bought up by power and wealth, whilst others that are incorrect are substituted.

What is idleness? A public mint, where various kinds of mischief are coined and extensively circulated among the more despicable of the human race.